ATKINSON'S EVENING POST,
AND PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS.

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THE SIX OF THE CONSTITUTION.

"One attempt, only, was required to make. A single man could do the work: time sealed up for ship and country. And we gave it not merely for the striking two years. And we gave it not merely for the striking of a single stroke which is overcome, but in a succession of strokes which are now in the field. The men with the thousands who gave home to every bosom, in some establishment that some bosom to every bosom, in the feeling that the prophetic emblem of freedom had been for generations of freemen. In answer of the generations, had come, and hoped without a stain, never, never, never

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

PHILADELPHIA—PENNSYLVANIA.

The Runaway Slave at Pine Grove.—A party of young men in Schuylkill county, a few days ago, hired a negro about 60 years, to go to the nearest slave. After they had got him into their power, they went on shore to dine, and left the Captain on board. On returning, in a few hours, they found the negro and the vessel had vanished! It was gone, and her clothing, amounting to about $300, was also gone with it! On Saturday last they returned to this city, and the negro was not with them. Search was made, but without success. The Captain has intentionally run off with their property! The owners are much annoyed with curiosity as it was reported in this city that a rebel soldier was on board of her. Such was not the case.

The Commercial should justly entitles those papers who have lately enlarged the size of bread to suit the low prices of Flour, to be no better than "Bailers."

Dogs.—We have frequently mentioned our opinion as to the propriety of muzzling dogs. We would now inform our readers that *strichnine* is much more efficacious. A grain is a sufficient dose, and it is said, that if a piece of bread soaked in it be thrown down, it will kill every dog that eats it. Fifty cents will throw away many valuable dogs. Every dog found in the streets after ten days from this date, without a muzzle should be reckoned as a small source of trespass and destroyed; and subjected to a fine of one dollar. *Let the disease have appeared.* If forever there's a dose of all trespasses to kill—*Kill it.*

Intemperance.—On Sunday morning, a woman named Wilson, was found dead in her house, in Nelson's Court, Spruce street, above Front. She had taken three pints of ardent spirits on Saturday.

Rail road Accidents.—Several have already occurred on rail roads of late. On Monday last, between Rail road car of the track on Sunday last, between Rail road car of the track on Sunday last, between Rail road car of the track on Sun

Yesterday the Spices of Life,
What Flavor is all this Harvest?
Memory!

THE COCKNEY-BOY'S ALPHABET.

A was "Ah, tich ol vater on our 'ead,
B was a Book, of coddenses the dread,
C was a Cove, vich you see by the Lions,
D was old Drury, vere now get the Lions,
E was the Ville vere they does the great oysters,
F was the Fields, no lamps for them—
G was the Gardens,
H was an Hegotist, a varry nice noosiz,
I was Snow 'ill, not so high on, but lish,
J was a Jarvey, vich just lost his vitish,
K was our Kossary, vich's ruled by a spanner,
L was a Lawyer, no chalk at 'Vere—minner,
M was Lord Mayor, vich some people is Bidered,
N was the 'Ner, by Jock Keitch that is tied 'ull,
O was the 'Ouse vere they smokes all the more,
P was Pals Pool, an auful shabby concern,
Q was Queer street, a man fainter, 'as agreed on.
R was "Er, vich you read better coke hand on,
S was a Swell, such a vone for Nosegays,
T was Old Tom, vat has made a few lark it,
U was those young fellers, vat does up like crackers,
V was a Vire, be ve yours in our pockets,
W was Westcliff, such a nice place, I'm thinkin,
X the Electric, vere they shocked like anythink,
Y Z are so go, so I'm sure have read enuy—
I've done them all now, so—please give me a penny

PUFFER.—Fooling out the soul's devotion to the cook, by monopolizing her to see her master's dinner.

"GREAT MEN.—It is true some men were Ireland that has given us all your great men?" said a one of the Colonial Isle, as I passed through Adelaide. "Why, there's Sir Thomas Elder, Walter Hamilton, John Hancock, Samuel Davenport, Archibald Peacock, and Patrick, the Second Solomon. By the immortal Pat, we've got a great many men here that were born in Ireland."

"Yes, and some men—his name was originally Benjamin Patrick; but he changed it to parsley to suit party purposes.

FLESH ANNIHILATOR!!!—The late Mr. James F——, a well-meaning but particularly prosing judge, once delivered a long charge, and kept a good deal of it, evening a quantity of copper. In his charge he had frequent occasion to mention the "corpus" of the case, which he invariably called "corpse," adding "I mean your person, gentlemen, corpse; but I can't get the word out of my head." The whole court was in a titter.

A TRAPPER'S FABLE.—A hare and a fox met one day on the same prairie, and each recognized the other. They engaged in a race, and the fox soon found that he had the best of it. Just as he was about to overtake the hare, pleased with the fact, he observed that they were close to a trapper's cabin. "No, no," said he to himself the fox, "we shall catch again, now here." Where's the use of competing? In the hunter's den, obey," to be sure," rejoined the fox, tripping lightly away.—*Every Man's Every Man's Diary Man Thing.*

BEAUTY has no many charms, one knows not how to speak against it; and when it happens that a great deal of talent is the habitation of a retty soul, when the is many of the fairs speaks out the modesty and humility of the mind, and the fairness of the face seems to raise our thoughts up to the heart and wisdom of the great Creator something may be allowed Lucy's song, and to the embellishment which sex is off; and yet, when the whose apology is made, I must confess at last, that beauty, like truth, never is so glorious as when it goes the plainest.—*Mercer's Journal.*

SCRIBNER.—The editor of the Portland Advertiser is in love with this name, any way it can be fixed.—How fine:

Sweeter than the sweetest manna,
Lovely, lively, chaste Scribnah,
You're the girl that suit I muse on,
Pretty little smiling Susan,
Oh, if verses amuse you,
Fairest, sweetest, laughing Susy,
I'd write on, but ne'er rehoke ye,
Handsome and good-natured gal sure thou Suky!
Every theme would flatter you,
Sprightly, dimpling, tender Sue!
I'm using my name—which, alone!
Susannah, Susie, Suz, Suky, Sue!

"The boy at the head of the class will seize what are the dots signs of the world." Here a pause ensued. Next—Master Smith, can't you tell us what the dots mean?" "I guess they were put on the map just before the invension of spectacles." "Go to your seats."

WILLERISM.—"Where de snow which way the wind blows, that's a fact," as the fuller said when he saw the bargain carried off for a farthing.

"Sich all my fancy pictured her," as the Indian chief said of his squaw when he doubled her face over with red and yellow ochre.

"Look low, Sam Jonang, you knows a ting or two Donah's you rank from de classification on de annuo. Have she any thing to-day?"

"Well, I declar Fitz Gaddo, I doesn't rarely on ratts of testimony, but I'm sure I'm not going to be convinced."

"Well, dat's just de child's argument, but I had not de larmcogy to speak it. I rather rushed skyology."

"SWEET POTAT."—The poet's don't all live in Weasern A. somewhere they sent on a sublime evasion, of which the line a name ramonth ilow:

Oul Uncle Sam! Oul Uncle Sam!
Who, so are you are got to be an—

For you've been so long plunder'd and ride'ed,
I'm a wonder you an't long ago dod'ed.

Young man, you had better get down. Its dangerous to climb so very high.—*Lower Eagle.*

EDING GREEN.—A boy who delayed a long day in which exam was asked.

"What's the tone of day, Jenny," said Mr. Green.

He drew out his watch very ceremoniously, and after consulting it a while, referred to another, but with the same result.

Is this the figure nine on the figure seven ?"

He was told that it was "Ninety" seven.

"Well, that, Joseph, is lucky; at about half an inch of a gair."

"Come nastiner down in the deny with me," as the shark said, as he caught the sailor by the leg.

Why Lower was a poor Tenor.—Tenor he will be forever, for the thread of his life is in such a contingency, that the issue don't know where to cut it off.

A PUFF OF THE PRESS.—"Mrs. Partington's Fourth Job, being brought before a court in Massachusetts for assault and battery, was asked if he was guilty or not guilty.

Guilty—in the power?" exclaimed he, making demonstrations more than ever "I have a mind to give you a few recently, to knock down my body in pieces, to have seeing quality of mind and body in an ax ye."

The court answering that in the negative, Pat was a little at a loss what to say. He did not like the word guilty, and yet he grinned too much in the character of a beast to wish to deny the charge—"Now, my honey, what is it you're after?" inquired the court impatient to join it to pots of "Nate Cordwood."

Nothingen tender ye?" said the Irishman, who was better acquainted with the definition than with the Latin, "What's the nanse o' that?"

The complaint, that you do not contend with the country," said the lawyer.

Nothingen tender ye?" said the accused, turning to the court with a sly air, I'll not contend with the country, nor with the powers." "Then you plead he his de," I can whip any three o' ye at the same time."

HARD RUB.—Mr. Blind W——, of C——, one of the pleasantest towns in Plymouth county, Massachusetts, who is entirely blind, and has been so for years, is very much in love with his wife, and they are a very happy couple. One morning, as he was lonely at work, surrounded as usual by a number of customers, entered not with the usual exclamation—"Is memory of," he is not greeted by Doctor B——, who was filling his, and in a manner of his patients. "Good morning, Mr. W—— and the doctor," heard at work, I see you have your eyeglasses as far as "Is memory of," and then was Bob Peat, an auld sherry acquaintance of mine, up to Queer street, a man fainter, 'as agreed on.

It was a "Er, vich you read better coke hand on, "Ah, doctor, you are mistaken, my eyes are better than ever they were before, for I can see my wife with my heart."

"Why, yes," replied the old man, raising a moment on his cooler," and you are mistaken, and you are doctoring him; and then I keep right on!"—*Carter's Gazette.*

The Hartford Times tells the following anecdote of the Connecticut Legislature:

A certain old Yankee, whose vanity has heretofore led him into various parts of the county and state, to create a display of his wealth, recently found that he was so frequently upon his feet to utter some pointless remark in the most common, as to render it necessary for the attention of his own party. The usual penance to his exhibitions of folly was a sneer, with a weak threat, was a declaration of every thing but common sense; and a no less stringent claim to the possession of that very enviable faculty. "I do claim to be a man of common sense, Mr. President," he commenced, and proceeded, and followed by the immediate proof of the want of it, by the utterance of his very next sentence. He would take the sense of the House upon it, if the gentleman, Mr. Hartford, insisted on an adjournment. Accordingly when the standing preface was again announced, "I do claim to be a man of common sense, Mr. President," the reply was accordingly heard "No, Sir, you don't."

We find the following side-posting stanza in a late London paper, and envy it for the ridiculous or any superior merit. We may have the misfortune to be accused by our self-lauder to be wanting:

Oh, the bill of fare, on the night of a Monday,
Heaped from her husband, the wife of *John Gundy*:
Has grief for her absence each day growing deeper
Fit—*salt any one* find he: he begs him to keep her!

"Hope is the pride of youth—young eyes will always look forward."

ANCIENT GRAVE STONES.

One of the laborers employed in cross-cutting the old burying ground in the new Avenue, in front of the Old Colombian Hotel, Chatham, on the side of the Old Colombian Square, has found a number of ancient grave stones.

The name may be seen at Brown's Book Store, Chatham Square, and Chatham Avenue.

HERE LYETH YE BODY
Of Mary Ann Bunt
Wife of Hiskey
Bunt, Aged
Ye years Dyed
Ye 21 of December
1684.

Another grave stone of an older date was found, near the same place a few years ago, and now stands at the head of the first flight of steps in the west wing of the Old Colonial Hotel. It bears the following inscription:

HERE LYETH
YE BODY OF
WILLIAM FLOWER
Who Departed This Life
30 Years Deceased
Tober, Ano Dom 1726.

These grave stones were once, undoubtedly, placed over bodies which were buried in the "Bare Ground Lot," of which the United Burial Ground was formerly a part. Our venerable friend Hughes should exercise his authority, as Superintendent of Burial Grounds, and restore these stones to their proper places. Many of the names of intrigue for power and place—by and by, and the common herd, will be forgotten, but these former holdings and ranks will call forth no slumber and indifference, and the memory of the dead. If there is public opinion out of the reach of the law, to arouse the people, such a cement would make common cause with the living and the dead, and would not suffer the living nor permit the dead to rest in Courts, as we have seen in the case of Aaron Burr, the third Vice President of America, so great an ornament to go to Court and to the grave. Why, the Court of Chancery is frequently her scene of contention, and the dead and the living are dragged into the same arena. Is that the character of a good and accomplished wife, that she would have us to believe, and that she has endeavored to establish, and secure out the bread of silence and oblivion from the dead husband, and from the dead children, and to prostitute her husband and children, and to prostitute her. Many daughters have given credit to their mothers, and I do not believe it.

Such a wife, then, of domestic virtues, if you would not have her remain single, would be glad to get rid of her to your enemy. You may generally, (not always) find that the wife who is most anxious to get rid of her husband, is the one who is most anxious to get married. Knowing these of the mothers there was one other more ways of accommodating and quick to get rid of wanting your virtues ingenuity and vigilance, you may be sure to find a husband for her. If you are a man and a supporter of Kings, and while they are to be treated as the corpse, you may be sure to find a wife to maintain the dignity of an American to be dancing attendance upon the Queen, and to be presented at Court, graced and lacquies—dressed up in a Court dress like monkeys, waiting to have a card and receiving a card, saying your name and from a card and receiving a card, saying your name and from a card and receiving a card, saying your name and from